

My Kind of Man

Loretta Lynn

He's my kinda man and Lord I need him
Cause my kinda man let's me be my kinda girl

He don't mind if I go around barefooted
Wearin' faded jeans and his ole blue denim shirt
He understands when my hair's done up in curlers
That you can't look like a queen doin' wifely work

He's my kinda man and Lord I need him
I wouldn't trade his love for all the world
There's times when I believe he's next to perfect
Cause my kinda man let's me be my kinda girl

When he comes home and supper isn't ready
And there's screamin' kids a runnin' round beneath his feet
He just smiles at me and says woman do you love me
And gives me a gentle pat on my seat

He's my kinda man and Lord I need him
I wouldn't trade his love for all the world
There's times when I believe he's next to perfect
Cause my kinda man let's me be my kinda girl
Yeah my kinda man let's me be my kinda girl